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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839. NO. 1001.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 49.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

Nov. 23d, 1839.

'We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Perhaps our wiser sons may think us so.'—*Pope.*

Americans and foreigners, towns people and country people, the pulpit and the forum, the lecturer and the author, have united in laying to our charge, one single sin—a disrespect to the hoary head, an irreverent neglect of failing strength, and declining years. We are a young nation, we are a new nation—and it is not very wonderful that, Narcissus like, we should become enamored of our own image, and pay only to youth and novelty, the tribute which is due to age and experience—still, it must be confessed, that it is rather singular, that the many warnings which we have had upon this subject have produced so little effect—that all men should be acknowledging, this national peculiarity, yet that children should be still growing up inattentive and thoughtless—that there should be so very *much* of preaching, yet so very *little* of practice! It cannot be expected that the young, should of themselves reform the matter—parents declare it to be beyond their control, and from what quarter, let me ask, is the change to proceed? We are all very willing to admit that the evil exists, but each seems to consider it an evil with which he or she has nothing to do. I have seen even in this independent land, veneration for the aged, carried to such an extent, that folly and superstition bursting from withered lips met with a reverent reception, which they did not deserve. But can it be denied that were a phrenologist to mould for America a national skull, self esteem would vastly predominate over veneration, which latter organ would probably be so small, that its very *existence* might be questioned? The same principle or sentiment, manifests itself in various ways. So little do we appreciate the beauties, the fascinations of antiquity, that instead of adorning our gardens and grounds with artificial ruins, as is sometimes done in Europe, we do all in our power to preserve the pristine elegance and freshness of our dwellings and their adjuncts In a republic all things are in a state of innovation, and infinite change destroys our attachment to past and present institutions—we are constantly hoping that something better will come, than that which we already possess, and we look back upon that which *has been* with contempt and loathing. I am not disposed to consider this alleged irreverence; this want of respect towards our elders, as anything *very* new, it seems to me that it has characterized the risen, quite as much, as it is characterizing the rising generation, and I cannot think such inconsideration more becoming to maturity than to childhood. The problem may be solved! The boy who drives his father's team, waters his cattle, and gathers in his harvest, seems to have no ambition beyond the limits of his paternal farm,—but a mighty spirit is at work in his young bosom—he bursts the bonds which have tied him to the plough-share, and the harrow, ventures nearer to the great commercial marts, rises gradually in the quick prosecution of his business, and finally settles down a wealthy merchant—surrounded by silken hangings, imported luxuries and a growing family, who, instead of living as he has lived, a life of healthful labor, are to 'die of roses' 'in aromatic pain.' He has no objection to look back upon the scenes of his childhood, he is proud of the industry and self-reliance which have raised him from a station of useful obscurity, to one, of which in his younger days, he hardly dared to dream. But he has mingled with the world, with an American aristocracy perhaps, which I am half inclined to call the worst of aristocracies, and when he revisits his early home, envy and contempt of the monotonous yet happy existence of those about him, mingle with more pleasing recollections of his own success. He wonders that any man will be stupid enough to remain on a farm—and inwardly concludes that his intellect must have been far superior to that of his father or his grandfather, or he would have been born in the rank, to which he has since attained. It is the rapid accumulation of property, which renders our young countrymen disrespectful to their elders—by rendering them independent of everything but their own exertions. In England and France, sons are dependent upon their fathers, they inherit their fortunes; in this country they make fortunes for themselves, and not unfrequently support their parents. We begin and act for ourselves, long before other people, and it is the necessity of self-support, of busy labor, which produces this thought and action, which makes men and women of us while we are yet boys and girls. Every American, feels himself a responsible being—he is one of the many who hold the reins of government. I have often thought, that the want of sympathy which exists between parents and children in very early life, might be one cause of the disrespectful deportment of the latter when they have reached maturer age. If children are taught from infancy that their parents are too old to be interested in their games, and studies, the former will keep aloof from the latter, and dread to ask them to join in their recreations, lest they should meet with a repulse. This reluctance increases with increasing years, and places an effectual barrier between the minds of the young and old—while the parents who have *ever* extended to their children, the hand of sympathy, live in their more youthful circle, and preserve an early freshness of feeling long after their years are beginning to decline. The society of the aged, who have not forgotten that they were once young, is one of life's dearest charms, and I suspect that such seldom suffer from the disrespect of younger companions. There is a feeling, however, prevailing throughout the United States, that this or that man's opinions are not more valuable than his neighbor's, simply because he happens to be older. The young think that they have as good a right to their own theories and conclusions, as those whose experience has been greater, and perhaps it is not so much the existence, as the *expression* of this feeling, which is offensive. The more ignorant one is, the more stubborn we may expect to find him, and is it wonderful, that no one was ever willing to see with another's eyes, for when did one man's trial ever come home to another's heart? The impertinent assumptions and graceless bearing, which are so common among us, must be separated from a modest yet independent acknowledgment of a perfect right to a view of ones own. Where is the child of any spirit, that will not draw from its limited premises, certain conclusions—and it is only the mind which will not hold itself open to conviction which should be checked in its action. The remedy is in the parent's own hand; if he cannot command his child's affection and respect, if he cannot rebuke his unmannerly and ungentle demeanor, who can? who is to teach it, Christian precepts, and manly practice? Certainly, not the world, nor the world's sages, for Bacon and Locke, Fenelon and Marmontel, have lived—and when one looks round and sees how much yet remains to be done, he is half inclined to add, have lived in vain. Detestable as a bold and forward bearing ever seems, in a young and yearning spirit, is it not worth while to do something, which may teach such a spirit to preserve its self-respect, by never losing sight of the respect which is due to others. This is a task which must be executed by individuals; it will not do for us to exclaim that we have no influence; each of us can throw his mite, into the treasury, and we know that the action of soul upon soul is unlimited—that if the fall of an apple sends a vibration through every atom in the material world, it is no less true, that the impulse sent forth from a single mind, is felt from pole to pole. We are all responsible, while we continue to be sentient beings, and this false humility, is only the recoil of an *exaggerated* estimate of our own importance. Our national escutcheon is sullied by this crimson stain, and while we should carefully guard against that blind devotion to existing things, which receives as law and gospel all that our fathers have said and done; we who owe more than any other living nation to the patriotic wisdom of an immediate ancestry, should at least, render to it, the affectionate tribute which it claims, and secure to it, quite as much of respect as is paid to the mushroom dignity of foreigners.

We have never been accused of a want of reverence for Europe, and *European* antiquities; two thirds of the number of travellers, who annually visit the South of Europe, have been found to be Americans; can we not then learn to prize what is our own, to be true to our own dignity,—to find out that which is really worthy of admiration, of respect, of reverence and affection among ourselves, ere we have been pronounced a nation of dotards and ignoramuses by the whole of a more wakeful, a more discriminating world?

C. W. H.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.—You have seen in the morning, the earth covered with the drops of dew; each sparkling in the sun's pure light, and like so many diamonds throwing back to each other, and to every eye, the brilliant hues of the rainbow! Such in heaven, shall be the company of the saints; each indeed small in himself, but all, like so many polished gems, sparkling with celestial brightness, and reflecting to each other, and to all around, the glories of the Sun of Righteousness!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'Be not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatever a man sows, that shall he also have for harvest. Wherefore he that sows for his own body, shall from the body for harvest have destruction; but he that sows for the soul shall from the soul for harvest have eternal life. And doing what is right we should not be discouraged, for in proper time we shall have a harvest; if we grow not weary.'—*Paul.*

The mind of man appears to have written within it a law of association. The powers of reasoning, of comparison, of meditation, of memory, all the mental powers seem based on this principle; namely, that ideas brought into the mind simultaneously or nearly at the same period, are recalled by the mind together. Especially if we examine into the nature of memory, we find it wholly dependent on association of ideas; nor can we conceive of memory, or indeed of any mental phenomena without supposing the existence of this law. It seems indispensable to the very existence of the mind.

That our Creator established this law for wise and beneficent purposes cannot be doubted. The pleasures arising from it are every hour enjoyed, and the utility of its operations is every hour felt. But this law, though of such utility and the source of such happiness, is nevertheless the unfailing avenger of the laws of God whensoever we transgress. Nay this is one of its best uses. It is this law which daily strengthens the chains of habit and prints deep in the soul the stains of sin. It is this which reminds the sinner at every transgression of the threats of future punishment. It is this which harasses the repentant with the remembrance of transgression, and adds poignancy to every wound and every pain, by the remembrance of the warnings he had before received.

We are continually forming habits. The soul is growing and is taking some shape or other. It cannot be prevented. Evil habits or virtuous habits, fixed habits or unsettled habits must be forming. We are and must be acquiring a character of some kind. Whatever a man is doing, yea and when he is idle, what he is not doing, is all sowing, and the harvest he must have. There is no escape, God is not mocked, the retribution must come. It has been wrought into the very nature of the soul, and it cannot be otherwise, but that every deed must exert an influence on the soul that does it. Whether we are making progress in virtue, or standing stationary, or going down in vices and sins, still each hour a character is forming by which the soul must be judged. We cannot hold our hand. We must be continually sowing, and the harvest must be of like kind with what we sow. Every deed must bring a retribution. If we do well the approbation of our own consciences must follow and we will have peace. If we do evil the soul must be injured and the retribution of tribulation and anguish must follow. As certainly as disease and pain come upon the body of the intemperate or licentious, so does misery follow upon every other transgression of the law of God. For they that sow for their body and look for a harvest in this world alone, shall for harvest have destruction. The body is perishable, and all the joys from it and for it, must perish with it. And more than this. He who looks to the body for pleasure will hasten the destruction of the body. The gluttonous, the intemperate, the licentious, are robbing themselves of the very pleasures they seek, for they are destroying the body from which those pleasures come. And they who look for happiness which is for the body only, soon receive destruction as the end of their hopes. Death takes the miser from his wealth, the fashionable from society, the virtuoso from his cabinet, the student from his books.

But he that takes heed for his soul has as a reward eternal life. The mind of a man is immortal. When raised from the dead, we shall have the same habits of thought, the same affections and feelings, the remembrance of past life, the consciousness of past motives and desires. Else are we no longer the same individuals. So that every thing gained in the discipline of the affections, every thing gained in acquiring correct habits of thought, every thing gained for the soul, is an eternal gain. Let us not then be discouraged in doing what is right, for in proper time we shall receive a harvest if we grow not weary. What if darkness and clouds are round about us? What if the remembrance of past sins makes us fear lest our strength fail? What if we are even now suffering the retribution of past offences? Is God unjust that he should punish sin? Shall we despair of his mercy because we have felt his rod? The very punishments which we are now suffering for sins long since committed should make us have confidence that if we now do well we shall reap the rewards of well doing. The law of retribution founded, as it is in the very nature of the soul, should not only make us fear sin, knowing that the punishment thereof is certain, but should encourage us to active exertions for the attainment of virtue, knowing that these exertions will have their reward. Thus says our motto: *Whatever* a man sows that shall he also have for harvest.

Would that I could impress the conviction of the certainty of retribution upon the mind of the reader as vividly as my own experience has forced it upon me. To what vices have I not been addicted for which I have not deeply suffered? What are the torments of mind, what are the pains of body, by which I am now visited for sins committed long ago. O that the young would be wise from the experience of others! O that the aged could learn even from their own. Experience, says Franklin, keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. And some refuse to learn even in this. What then can they expect but to perish in their wilful ignorance?

There is a large class of persons who will acknowledge that crime brings misery and that the ways of sin end in death. They confess that virtue is the only good and that obedience to God is the only way of securing happiness. But they think that they will try the ways of irreligion a while yet, and that some day they will turn, repent, and be saved. But can repentance save them? No. Whatever a man sows that will he have for harvest. No repentance can remove all the ill effects of sin. The law of the association of ideas cannot be broken. The images of past scenes must be called up before the mind. The longer a course of vice has been pursued, the greater the number of ideas with which it will be associated, and the more frequently will it be called to memory. The filthy language, the obscene jest, the daring oath, the deeds of guilt will rise up before the mind like the ghosts in Macbeth and refuse to give it peace. The diseases brought on the body by sin, as of intemperance or licentiousness, leave it not when the man reforms. Nor do the mental evils brought on by those sins or any other leave the mind as soon as the man reforms. No. The law of retribution cannot be evaded. *Whatever* a man sows he *must* have for harvest. Further than this, can a man reform when he will? Perhaps so, but the undertaking becomes every hour more difficult. The associations are growing more numerous, the chains of habit are becoming stronger, the soul is becoming fixed in its nature, and there is a point, I will not say how often it is reached, there is a point, beyond which we scarce can hope for a return. When for instance a man by voluntary sins brings down upon himself a gradual decay of moral and physical power, till he is an imbecile idiot, is not the soul of that man destroyed. Has he not sown for his body, and for harvest had *destruction?*

Cease, then, readers, to sow for the body and for the things of time and sense; lest you presently reap the full harvest of destruction. Sow now for the soul, and for harvest you shall have eternal life. Be not discouraged in doing good, but by prayer and watching, by manful struggles with the appetites and passions which you have depraved, by deeds of love towards others, by faithful endeavors to perfect your holiness in the fear of God, go on to sow that which will for harvest bring you peace and happiness on earth and eternal joy in heaven.

E. N. P.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—In the stillness and retirement of the closet, when the world is shut out, and the lonely soul holds communion with its God, how solemn is the work of honest self-examination. Even of those actions which have been externally correct, how few have been prompted by the pure principles of holiness. When we scrutinize the motives of our conduct; when we set aside all that has been done from the force of habit, from self-respect, from love of the world's approbation, or fear of its frown; from regard to visible consistency, or for the sake of satisfying conscience, how little remains of which we can confidently say, —this has been done from a sincere desire to glorify our Father in heaven. In such an hour how deeply do we realize our own unworthiness! how deeply do we feel that if we are ever saved, it must be *all of grace.*—*Rev. Tryon Edwards.*

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.—Because you are in darkness, that, of itself, is no proof that you are not a Christian. If a ship be loaded with jewels, that ship may as truly be sailing towards its port, and the jewels as truly be in it *at midnight*, as when the noon day sun is flashing in brightness upon it. And so *you* may be enriched with the treasures of grace, while in the darkness of desertion.—*Ibid.*

HOW TO BE LOVED.

'One evening, Maria's father related in her presence, an anecdote of a little daughter of Dr Doddridge, which pleased Maria extremely. When this child, about six years old, was asked, what made every body love her? she replied, 'I don't know, indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body.' The beautiful simplicity of this reply struck Maria forcibly. 'If this is all that is necessary in order to be loved,' thought Maria, 'I will soon make every body love me.' He farther mentioned a remark of John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness, and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add it to that of happiness. 'Now,' thought Maria, 'I will begin to-morrow to try to make every body happy. Instead of thinking all the time about myself, I will ask, every minute, what I can do for some body else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way of being happy myself, and I am determined to try.—*Pastor's Daughter.*

A GREAT MAN.

The following account of the late venerable prince, the Landgrave of Hesse, President of the Sleswick-Holstein Bible Society, is copied from the last report of the parent institution.

'The usual intimation of his majesty's gracious acceptance of the Sleswick-Holstein Bible Society's Report, (being the twentieth,) was communicated by our illustrious president, the Landgrave of Hesse, to the Committee, in a letter given at the royal residence in Copenhagen, and signed by the king himself, under date of April 30, 1836. It was the last time his Serene Highness enjoyed this pleasure, for on the 17th of August, the venerable Prince was called away from his earthly labors, and on the 30th of the same month, his remains were deposited in the family vault in the cathedral of Sleswick, on the day of his marriage with his august consort exactly seventy years before.

'The age of the late venerable Prince had exceeded the general period allotted to man, and his end was peaceful and free from pain. His whole life was marked by the most indefatigable exertion for the benefit of mankind and of science; but the favorite object of his labors was to promote the extension of the kingdom of God on earth. He confessed the name of Jesus both privately and publicly, and never was he ashamed to own Him as his Redeemer and Savior; neither did he flinch from his testimony in behalf of the Gospel, even though he was attacked, and frequently misrepresented by his infidel contemporaries. Thus he considered it as one of the happiest moments of his life, when in early youth he had an opportunity at the court of Frederick the Great, to declare before a brilliant assembly, that he knew no higher happiness on earth, than to be an humble believer on the Lord Jesus Christ. The King of Prussia was silenced by the animated testimony of the young Prince then attached to his service; and it is remarkable that, after a life devoted to the Gospel, he was called away to see Him face to face, on whom his soul believed, on the very day on which that monarch preceded him in death fifty years before. To the latest period of his existence, he considered it the highest privilege to labor for the glory of the Redeemer, and whenever opportunities occurred he was not remiss in seeking to engage the co-operation of his high and influential friends. He was found in his last moments seated at his writing table, with his eyes half closed, and broken in death, apparently gazing on a painting of the Savior, which adorned his study.

'What he did and what he projected for the benefit of his country, is matter of record for history; the remembrance of his zeal in promoting the dissemination of the word of God, and the interests of the Sleswick-Holstein Bible Society, will ever be affectionately cherished in the hearts of all who had the privilege of being united with him in the same holy work.'

RUINS.

The Ruins of Rome! The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most affecting.—The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability as it were to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space, are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state—and we feel as if we partook of its deep-set and most triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard, in the sad conviction of our souls rent asunder like column after column disparting from some noble edifice, we feel as if all the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand; and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mighty works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad eternal decay, but imagine some mighty power smiting empires and cutting short the records of magnificence. Thus, fate and destiny are said in imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of oblivion, has been thought of as an unsparing power. Time, too, though in moral sadness wisely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has, in imagination, shorn the towery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all nations with one voice called out 'Death!'—And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we still speak of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weakness. Thus imagination is forever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her visions are sublime—conscious even among the saddest ruins of her own immortality.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

OF COMPARING GOD'S WORD WITH THE WRITINGS OF THE FATHERS.—When God's word is by the Fathers expounded, constructed, and glossed, then, in my judgment, it is, even like to one that straineth milk through a coal-sack, which must needs spoil and make the milk black. Even so, likewise, God's word of itself is sufficiently pure, clean, bright and clear; but through the doctrines, books, and writings of the Fathers, it is very sorely darkened, falsified and spoiled.—*Luther.*

THE SAGE'S ADVICE TO MOURNERS.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven he cried, 'My brother! oh my brother!'

A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'

'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I feel.'

'What would'st thou do if he were restored to thee?'

The mourner replied that he never would offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come to his fond embrace.

'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage; 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also.'

[From the Mother's Magazine.]

THE SECRET OF INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY C. A. GOODRICH.

No people enjoy greater advantages for useful education than the people of the United States. Liberal provisions exist in the several States for the instruction of their youth, and in most, systems of common school education have been in operation for a series of years, which are gradually being perfected by means of changes and modifications, as experience dictates. The blessings of these systems are, like the dews of morning, copious and every where diffused. We may safely challenge any nation of similar population to show a larger proportion who are able to read and write. Excepting foreign emigrants, who knows of one scarcely able to read intelligibly from almost any English author, or who could not only copy fairly but even draft with some propriety an advertisement, or compose a letter either of friendship or business?

But it is equally well known, that many attendants upon our common schools make but small proficiency, compared with the advantages they enjoy. The cause doubtless lies in some cases in the want of competent teachers; but even in those schools which are favored with such, the school-visiter too often finds pupils whose acquisitions are partial and superficial.

I shall notice but one cause for deficiency, although I am persuaded that there are others. It is the *hurried*, and, of course, superficial manner, in which the text-books are passed over. I was about to say *studied*, but that can scarcely be called study, which consists of little more than a few *glances*, and the announciation is made by the pupil to the master, that he 'has got his lesson and is ready for recitation.'

For this evil—and it is manifestly an evil of serious moment—there is one remedy, and but one; a remedy which, in some instances might be applied by teachers, but in others, requires the assistance of *parents*. It consists in requiring the child to learn *perfectly* a lesson before he is permitted to proceed to another. This is the secret of accuracy, and, in the sequel of rapid attainment. Says an old adage, 'what is once done is twice done;' and I may add, in respect to learning, 'forever done.' Few children have to learn an alphabet of the same language a second time, who have mastered it once; nor does a child ever need to recur again to those primary and syllabic lessons, in learning which he was drilled like a soldier in a regular camp. Were the same slow but steady process pursued in relation to subsequent lessons and his course of study, no one can estimate his ultimate attainments. What he had learned would be as capital stock, returning principal with compound interest by every use of it.

This subject was forcibly impressed upon my mind a short time since while attending the examination of a district school in the neighborhood in which I reside. The pupils appeared, with some exceptions, to have passed the term in the above superficial attention to their studies. The examination was of course onerous, and unsatisfactory. At the close of it a member of the committee was requested to address the pupils on the importance of greater fidelity in pursuing their respective branches of study. His remarks were so just and pertinent, that I venture to ask a place for them in the magazine, with the hope that they may be mutually beneficial to parents and children—to the former, exciting them to inculcate upon children the importance of learning their lessons well—to the latter impressing upon them the necessity of so doing, if they would make accurate and finished scholars. I can give only the substance of his remarks, couching them in that simple language in which they were originally delivered, and from which they derived in part their value, because they were easily understood.

'Suppose,' said he, 'that on coming to school this morning some one of you had lost a silver dollar. Anxious to recover it, you make known your loss to your fellow students, with the promise of the half of it to the one that shall find it. All are immediately on the alert. One boy, thinking to find it first, starts and runs at the top of his speed, marking the ground as well as he is able with so much rapidity. A second lad, thinking his pace too rapid for a successful search, walks; but, urged on by his zeal, walks with all possible expedition. While a third, more considerate, takes up his line of march in the search slowly, but with a sure intent of discovery. He proceeds the first rod, marking every foot and inch. So nice and critical is his observation, that he is quite certain that the money is not there. He proceeds to a second rod, with the same exact observation. In the meanwhile, the first boy, failing in his object, flies back and proceeds over the ground the second time, at the same rapid rate. The second lad also fails, and proceeds as before. But the third boy, steady to his purpose, satisfied with the principle of search which he has adopted, proceeds along the line in the same slow and deliberate manner, and at length picks up the dollar.

'Now,' inquired the speaker, 'which of these lads acted the wisest part? Which adopted the expedient most likely to be crowned with success?'

'Ah!' continued he, 'I perceive you all take my meaning. You are here for the purpose of acquiring knowledge—by becoming masters of the respective books you study. In accomplishing your object you are acting on different principles. Some of you run. You hurry over the book so rapidly, that you gain a very imperfect knowledge of it, and consequently this portion of the school must go over it again and again. Others *walk*; but they walk too fast; they mark the rods which compose them. There are a few, I think, who *proceed so slowly*, as to mark and measure every part so nicely, as to notice even the *inches*. These are the pupils who will make scholars. They find the money. True, the slow pace does not suit the lad who has the nimbleness of the hare; but remember that in the fable it was the slow and steady turtle that reached the goal first. "*Slow then and sure*," or "*learn well what you attempt to learn.*"'

DUTY TO PARENTS.

In endeavoring very briefly, to assist your judgment in forming the general outline of such a system of education as may render your children good and happy; a blessing to society, and the comfort and honor of your own declining years—I will not, in the first instance, say, Teach them to 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well;' to fear and love the God who made, the Savior who redeemed them: to venerate his day and word: to pay a cheerful and implicit obedience to his laws: to respect his ministers; to love his people. But I will say to you, learn and practise *yourselves* all these things. Cultivate personal piety. Let the very first item of expenditure on your children's education be the sacrifice of your own besetting sin—your irreligious levity—your compromising veracity—your fraudulent gains—your profligate or ungodly companions. Remember that you are responsible to those who are taught by nature and by God to respect your authority and example, not only for the untainted purity of your own character and conversation, but for that of all with whom you voluntarily associate; and every child of God knows and feels this. Every man, who has learned that self respect which a knowledge of the relation into which it has pleased his heavenly Father to take him never fails to inspire, knows this. Every one in whom there is not a total prostration of moral feeling, knows this; and, in the presence of his child, would blush with a conscious sense of guilty participation, at the base principle; the low, worldly maxims; and still more, at the indecent jest, the slanderous conversation, the bold impiety, of those with whom he intimately associated.

Let your house, then, be a temple of the Lord. Be yourself the priest of its sanctuary. And need I to say, Defile not this temple of the Lord by any vicious indulgence, and intemperate excess, any turbulent or vindictive passion, any corrupt communication out of your mouth? No! even heathen philosophy could teach that 'the greatest reverence is due to youth.' Even the heathen moralist, who had never heard of 'Jesus and the resurrection;' who had never seen 'virtue embodied' and incarnate; who had never seen 'God manifest in flesh'—even he could demand, that 'nothing foul or base should pass the threshold with-

in which a child dwelt.' How much more then may the minister of that gospel which brings to light 'life and immortality,' appeal to every Christian parent, and say, 'Let your whole conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ,'—serious, charitable, edifying, 'meet to minister grace to the hearers.' Let no careless indifference to religious duties, public or private; no light jesting with the things of God; no profane ridicule of the people of God, whatever may be their sect or denomination; place you, in the eyes of your family, on the side of God's enemies, and pour contempt upon religion; but show them by word and deed, that you possess an unfeigned respect for the institutions, the ordinances, the people of God. And whatever opinions you may deem it your conscientious duty to express on religious matters and religious professors, ever approach the subject with that solemnity and composure which indicate a mind deeply impressed by a feeling sense of its vital importance; and sincerely desirous to attain or to impart the knowledge of the truth. 'If it be possible, as far as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' Separate yourself not only from that 'strife of tongues,' in which all who engage sink a portion even of their worldly respectability; and which, by exhibiting you in the degrading attitude of an angry disputant, insulted perhaps and despised, bring into contempt all that should be venerable and sacred in the character and authority of a parent.

But, for this purpose, it is by no means sufficient that you wish for peace, and shrink from the actual scuffle and turmoil of hands, or tongues, or tempers. If you would reap the harvest, you must cultivate the soil and sow the seed. If you would maintain, you must 'seek peace and ensue it' by a holy discipline of your conduct and conversation. You must let no slanderous report, no malicious insinuation, escape you; but judge charitably, and speak kindly, of all. Let wisdom be a watch upon your mouth; let truth—let charity keep the door of your lips.

Thus qualifying yourself for the important office of your children's instructor and guide, rule them with that gentle yet firm authority, which a supreme love for their souls will never fail to inspire; and which will preserve an even and steady course, between the excesses, on the right hand and on the left, of fond indulgence and peevish displeasure. Beware of instilling into their tender minds, by precept or example, the calculating spirit and base principles of a worldly policy. Do not engulf them in a system which rests its whole authority upon the censure or applause of man—seeks no higher reward than the perishable dross of earth—aims at no higher mark than the fading honors of time. Let the word 'expediency,' the idol of worldly politicians; the Moloch, to which every thing venerable and sacred is now-a-days immolated, be heard from you but to be reprobated and abjured. Bid them never to ask, 'What is expedient?' but always 'What is right?' 'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,'—let this be your motto: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—let this be your motive and text. Then let the gospel's high-toned morality be the rule of life which you propose to them, and by which, too, you practically govern them. Let your sanction and authority be God—your reward, eternity.

Such is the spirit in which I would exhort you to address yourselves to the high and arduous duties of training souls for heaven; and I may also add, of training your children to be happy and useful members of society, and a comfort to yourselves. It is not the school to which you send them, or the books which you put into their hands: it is not the reading of the Divine Word, or hearing it frequently commented upon—which, abstracted from circumstances, can form the moral character to holiness, and mould it into the image of Christ. All this is a machinery too gross to operate directly upon the delicate spirit of man. It is those minute circumstances, those light touches, those transient impressions, frequently repeated, which form the habit of the mind. And a word, a look, a motion, especially in those whom nature and God have taught them to venerate, according to the peculiar spirit which it breathes, may open traces in the infant soul, which will stamp upon it a moral character, and which will deepen to eternity.

So intimately has it pleased God to connect, from the very constitution of things, the moral character of the child with that of the parent, if not upon the side of God, must almost inevitably have been accessary to its ruin, and consequently must be a sharer in its torments. And what a field of awful contemplation does this thought open upon the soul! Many a parent who is now lavishing upon an idolized child all the fondness of a cordial affection, who compasses sea and land for its aggrandisement; and, in the toils that wear out its body, and the cares that consume his soul, is like the pelican, feeding it from its own bowels; but who has not—because he refuses to have—the spirit of grace to minister to it, is cooperating with the great enemy the eternal ruin of his child; and, if it perish, has been but fostering in his bosom the vulture which to eternity must gnaw upon his soul.—*Lond. Chr. Obs.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

No little surprise was excited in my mind, by the following remark which I lately met with in perusing a communication on the spiritual powers of man, in which the writer advocates the doctrine of the deep and pregnant capacity of the human soul, originally, for high attainments, for intellectual exercise, and unbounded developement. The writer is praising all those who have advocated the strong energies of the mind, and he says, 'that *Edwards* sought a *philosophical* reconciliation of the doctrine of revelation in the Scriptures and the decrees of providence, and the voice of God in the soul of man.'—I cannot but think that the writer would have been far more correct and just, had he asserted that Edwards attempted, by metaphysical reasoning, or argumentation, to reconcile what he supposed to be the doctrines of revelation with the nature and powers of man as a moral agent, according to his previously adopted theological theory.

Edwards assumed, for such was his creed, when he wrote, that the dogma of man's total moral inability, of irrespective divine decrees, of particular election, and irresistible grace in conversion, are doctrines of revelation and taught in the Christian Scriptures. And his object and attempts were to prove these doctrines correct, by metaphysical reasoning. I cannot call his reasoning *philosophical*; but should rather apply the epithet *sophistical*. For his theory is utterly irreconcilable with the doctrine of man's high, moral and spiritual power; his self-improvement and mental developement and pregress; a doctrine so strongly urged by the writer to whom I refer, and those of the same modern school, as almost to amount to a peculiar and exclusive claim on their part, of being the only persons who hold to the true dignity and a just appreciation of the capacity of the human soul.

It is obvious in the first place, to notice the great and peculiar depreciation of the powers of the human mind, or soul, which the system of Edwards, as well as of Hume, implies and maintains. Their theory—for both supported the doctrine of necessity in opposition to the real freedom of the mind—their theory utterly denies the doctrines of any spiritual or moral power in man; which he may exercise, or omit to exercise, at his will, and without compulsion from extraneous causes or influences. It represents him as a machine, and as no more than a machine, though of more nice, delicate or ingenious fabrication than the plant or tree, or the process of light, of cold, or of heat. According to this *philosophical* theory, man has no self-determining power. He is altogether passive—he is wrought upon in every thing, in every apparent act: he is moved and impelled by outward events and accidents; he is entirely a creature of circumstances and of chance; or is directly and entirely controled by the Deity. He has no power or will, to chose or to resist, or to form his own character: and he might therefore, as well be without a spiritual nature—without a soul. Is it not strange then if any thing were strange in the theories of speculative men, that they who plead for the high powers of the human mind, and for its capacity of self-elevation and self-improvement, should rank necessarians, whether infidels or Calvinists, among the best friends of human nature, and the assertors and defenders of the soul's native dignity and ability? Hume and Leibnitz scouted the idea of man's moral freedom. St. Augustine, Calvin and Edwards did the same. Say, if you please, that they were ingenious, subtle, logical, plausible &c. But do not pretend that they were assertors of the soul's* great powers, or friends of a theory based on the original capacity of the human mind for self-government and self-determination. And if they denied the latter, with what propriety can any denominate them philosophical advocates for man's high powers—for a theory of psychology, that is most honorable to the lofty character of the human mind?

I lately heard a preacher of the modern new-light school; and he said he was presenting new views, important and spiritual views of religion. But, I confess, I was not edified, and did not understand. 'It was too high for me; I could not attain to it.' He took care, however, to tell his hearers, that this was the *philosophy of religion*; that it was *philosophical Christianity*. And he very frequently used the epithet *philosophical*, in speaking of his views of the gospel and of the Christian doctrines. But I could not perceive, that by calling his peculiar views philosophical, they were more plain, more intelligible, or more satisfactory. They still appeared to me mere speculations; and what gave me equal surprise was, that he alluded to the system of Edwards, as proving and illustrating the high and expanding powers of the human soul. I have not been able so to construe or understand that acute metaphysician.

That Christianity is a spiritual religion; and that all true religion implies spirituality of mind and affections—that religion is seated in the soul, and must influence and command its affections, that it will call forth its highest powers, that a consciousness of the truth of the Christian doctrines—that a conformity in the desires and aspirations of the human mind to the pure and holy and sublime doctrines of Christ—that all these are essential to the growth and expansion of the soul, is readily admitted. But does it follow that the soul is therefore entirely passive; that it is a mere recipient of influence or power from without to produce spiritual or moral action?* Does not the mind act or will of itself? And must it not exercise its original powers to become what it is capable of being? Has it not ability for self-improvement, if it use its powers aright? Is it not an agent? or is it only an instrument?

To support his Calvinistic creed, the doctrine of Edwards was, that man had no moral power or, what amounts to the same, that he had not a self-determining power: that his spiritual or moral nature was utterly debased and powerless for all good desires or purposes. That he was spiritually and morally dead, and must therefore be wholly moved and governed by outward events, and by motives suggested by something extraneous to himself. That the motives thus suggested or arising, were wholly exciting and impelling to evil, and that the good affections or desires and a will to holiness, which appeared in a few, were to be referred directly and solely to the almighty power of God, that an absolute miracle was wrought, when a man had a really good purpose or a sincere resolution to serve and please his Creator.

The theory denied to man all power to become good by his own free will and choice. It denied all spiritual or moral abllity for religion; all desires, and all capacity for real virtue, till such desires are supernaturally and irresistibly implanted or generated, and such capacity was given by a new creation, to which the power of God only was adequate. But all ethical and moral writers, not trammelled by Calvinism, nor blinded by infidelity, which consider man's whole nature as material—admit and contend for the original capacity of man for moral action; for his possessing native powers, which duly cultivated and exercised, prove him to be the author of all acts of the will, and consequently of the moral character to which he does or may attain. And this doctrine excludes not the idea of God as the author of our capacity and powers, nor of his superintendence, in placing means in our way to enable us to improve and exalt our moral nature.

The system of Edwards was certainly ingenious and plausible; though it never satisfied a man of deep reflection on his own mental powers and exercises. Every man who examines the acts and operations of his mind, must perceive that his theory is not true to nature. It was prepared and published to silence or to confute the Arminians of the day; for they contended for the moral power of man, and his ability to weigh, to compare, to choose for or against, and therefore to act for or against duty, and the convictions of his judgment of the right and the wrong.

How then the theory of Edwards can be considered true or 'philosophical' by one who believes in the high powers of the human soul, and its capacity for moral progress and improvement, exceeds my humble ability to comprehend. Call the system ingenious or metaphysical, if you please, but surely it is not consistent with the doctrine of man's expansive, spiritual nature, which one delights to cherish, and which the greatest ethical philosophers of modern times have fully vindicated—such as Reed, Stuart, and others.

The Edwardean theory made many fatalists and infidels; and is therefore believed to deserve no other commendation than ingenious and plausible. It would be a great misfortune to Christianity, to have it again taught and urged as it was fifty and seventy years ago. But men are not satisfied with the simplicity of the gospel, and we must have some other new divinity to perplex and alarm society. It is a great error to deny or put aside various strong evidences in favor of Christianity as a divine religion, which in all past ages have been adduced, to convince the reason of mankind; and to rest exclusively on one, which depends on individual feelings and imagination, than which nothing is more uncertain and variable. *Mysticism* is as injurious to simple Christianity, as fatalism. It would found religion on evanescent impulses, and individual perception and consciousness; and count as nothing the other proof which God granted to support it, because of the weakness and visions of man. Were this true, *Ann Hutchinson* was the first and greatest of divinely-illuminated persons; for she knew that the Holy Ghost dwelt in her personally, and denied that the keeping of God's commands afford any proof of faith. B.

* I beg not to be understood as referring to divine influences.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Luke, the evangelist, was styled the 'beloved physician,' and we may suppose that he earned the appellation, not only by his amiable and Christian deportment in general intercourse; but in a particular manner, by the tender, feeling, and assiduous attention to the sick, in the exercises of his professional duties. Without improbability, we may imagine him hastening to the couch of the poor disciple, laboring under the attack of a mortal malady, and not only taxing his skill for the relief of his suffering body, but affectionately ministering to the distressed and doubting soul, by suggesting the most appropriate instructions and consolations. By such a course he would greatly endear himself to his fellow disciples.

To a Christian family, it should be an object of no trivial interest, to secure the services of a physician, not only of good report for his professional skill, but also for his personal piety. The advantages to be expected from such a choice are twofold. First, in relation to the well being of the body, it might well be supposed that he would evince more diligence, conscientiousness, and sympathy in the discharge of his duties, than those who had no sense of religious obligation. That a physician, who makes no pretence to religious feeling, may be diligent in his profession, and manifest deep interest in his patients, is certainly true. We have known some of this character; but still, we have a right to expect those qualities in a higher degree in those, who feel themselves accountable to God, as well as to the public, for the faithful discharge of all duty. Such a physician may also contribute much to the spiritual comfort of his patients; and if he neglects the many favorable opportunities, which his frequent visits to the sick bed afford, to speak a word for the Master whom he professes to serve, and for the edification of the immortal beings, to whose comfort he is called to contribute, he can scarcely answer it to his own conscience.

Here we may be permitted to suggest a thought or two to physicians who profess the name of Christ. From the nature of their occupation, they become the almost hourly observers of the infirmities and pains of our dying nature. They witness the attacks of disease in all its forms, they trace it through all its stages, and they often observe its final conquests. They are accustomed to see it assailing the thoughtless, as well as the prepared, and to note the various emotions which its approach awakens. Where one encounters it joyfully, how many are appalled by it! The backsliding, the formal, and careless Christian, are harrassed with doubt and fear, lest the disease should prove the harbinger of death, for which they are not prepared. The irreligious too, are held in suspense, with a mingled feeling of trepidation and impatience, and if mortal symptoms appear, they are either terrified at their future prospect, or through gross ignorance, regard it with stupid indifference and apathy. Such scenes, we say, are familiar to the physician; and if he be under the control of religious principles, they afford not only the opportunities, but the incentives for doing good. He is presumed to be intelligent, as a member of one of the learned professions, and if his piety be equal to his intelligence, with what effect may he recommend Christ to the sick. Several circumstances, peculiar to his profession, contribute to his influence. There is always a respect paid to his character as a physician, and this is increased, either in consequence of the relief which his attention and skill have hitherto afforded, or from an expectation that they may hereafter be needed. In a certain sense, the dearest hopes of families are often suspended on him, and he is consulted as an oracle. With such feelings in his favor, he would be listened to, if on suitable occasions, he should direct his attention to the souls, as well as to the bodies of his patients. Even where his suggestions might not be pleasing, they would at least be regarded as disinterested. Some suppose that clergymen visit the sick, and talk about religion merely bacause it is their business; the same objection could not lie against the physician; it is not peculiarly his profession to apply the balm to the souls of men; and, therefore, his motives would not be so liable to misconstruction. Besides, the physician is called to minister at sick beds, to whom the spiritual guide is never invited. In such cases he may point out the way of salvation, where no other one can, and to a certain degree the life or destruction of the soul may be dependent on him. A single timely word, affectionately uttered, might peradventure be the means of awakening, to a hithero obdurate sinner; while the absence of that word, might be the negative cause at least, of his dying in impenitency. It would be difficult to calculate the good which the physician, if an experienced Christian, might accomplish in directing and comforting the minds of awakened sinners, and desponding and doubting believers. He meets them under circumstances when they are most accessible, and most ready to listen to spiritual counsel, to which the seemingly near approach of death and judgment give additional emphasis. On the other hand, if a careless sinner, standing as it were on the very verge of eternity, perceives in the physician, whom he knows to be a professing Christian, an indifference to his spiritual state, might he not take encouragement from this, to believe that he has nothing to fear? Might he not say, if my physician, who is religious, really thought me in danger of eternal destruction, he would certainly counsel and warn me?

We are aware that there are difficulties in the way of the performance of the duty we are recommending; but what duty has not its difficulties? We apprehend, however, that any supposed disadvantages which might ensue to the physician, in fulfilling his religious duty to the sick, would be connected principally, if not exclusively, with an indiscreet use of his opportunities. He should be judicious, he should select the most favorable time and place, he should be affectionate, he should not appear obtrusive, and thus guarded, it is barely possible, he should give offence, by evincing his heart-felt interest in the eternal well being of his patients.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Has any one given any heed to the communication from West Cambridge concerning market day at Brighton? Since we have seen no justification appear in answer to that communication, we conclude no justification can be offered. Is the sin then to be persisted in, and no further means taken to check it? Will no one else lift up his voice against this violation of the laws of God? Will no one oppose it even on the ground of respect to the feelings of others? Must we still be disturbed by the hallooing of drivers, and the trampling of cattle as regularly as the Sabbath returns, merely because we are too lazy to speak our minds? Are we not guilty of a participation in the sin, while we still support the authors of it and raise not a word against it? Shall we reproach New Orleans with opening the Theatre on the Sabbath, while Boston opens the cattle market? Is Gain a god, whose worship Jesus allows while he forbids the worship of Pleasure? Shall the conversion of the Sabbath into a market day be published to the world as an institution in the land of the Pilgrims? Speak, men of age and wisdom, who love the laws of God, and the honor of the commonwealth, speak, and tell us if there is any remedy.

Cambridge, Nov. 24th. E. N. P.

Doing God's Will.—You will think, perhaps, my brethren, that it is a hard bondage which God imposes on us, and which we call down upon ourselves when we pray, 'Thy will be done;' Far from it! To be the servant of God is the highest liberty; it is the sweet and voluntary bondage of love. No man can submit to it without receiving from him 'a new heart and a right spirit,' the source of all liberty and of all strength to do the will of God. Without this liberty there is no liberty, and in vain do the worldly-minded deify and follow after, under this beautiful name, a chimera which can never be realized. Be assured that neither in the moral nor the social world, can there be liberty where there is anarchy and disorder. You will not do the will of God, that you may be free to do—what will? Your own? Impossible! The most powerful wills, those wills of iron, which seem at first sight to give an impulse to every thing around them, and sometimes even to an entire age, sooner or later are shivered against the decrees of the will which rules the world, and which 'will not give its glory to another.' O, worm of the dust! thou that wouldst accomplish thine own will, tremble! behold the first event that arrives will lay its foot of brass upon thy rebellious will, and crush it with thine existence!—*Meditations on the Lord's Prayer, and discourses, by A. Bonnet.*

The Sabbath.—Let the difference which you put between the Sabbath day and other days be from conscience, not from custom.

The day before the Sabbath should be a day of preparation for the Sabbath; not of our houses and tables, but our hearts.

The stream of religion runs either deep or shallow as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.

For the church's sake,—as you value its being and welfare, its continuance and prosperity in the world,—if you have any regard to its bleeding cause, to its dying interests, do what you can to support the honor of the Lord's day. —*Matthew Henry.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE WEST PARISH IN MARLBORO', MASS.

The Church and Society of the West Parish in Marlboro', finding their meeting house rather antique, and needing repairs, formed a resolution last spring to re-model it.

Accordingly about four months ago, the work was commenced. The steeple above the belfry was made new, and the corners of the house in front lengthened about 12 or 14 feet, which brought them out even with the projection. Floors were then laid level with the old galleries. The part below, or rather a portion of it, makes a spacious and convenient vestry.

The upper part, after removing everything in the interior, as it was originally constructed, has been converted into a place of worship. It contains 60 pews or slips, wide, and in every respect convenient.

The pulpit is inlaid with mahogany, and supported by four round pillars. Its whole height is not far from four feet. It is strikingly plain, neat and beautiful, evincing much ingenuity and good taste in the builder.

Through the generous zeal of the Ladies of the Parish the aisles of the house have been handsomely carpeted. A very suitable curtain has been placed in the rear of the pulpit, and a sofa within it; also a new communion table has been provided.

The exterior of the edifice is now elegant, even beautiful. The interior combines neatness and convenience.

The enterprising carpenters, members of the parish, aided by an efficient building committee, have each and all discharged their duty faithfully and punctually.

Much credit is due to certain individuals in the society, through whose voluntary services and persevering efforts the whole work has been so successfully and satisfactorily terminated.

On Saturday Nov. 9th at 9 o'clock, A. M. the sale of pews commenced. In the course of three or four hours, all, except a few low priced ones, were sold.

It is doubted by some whether all who wish seats in the house can readily obtain them.

The amount of sale, including the choice-money exceeds the whole expense; that is, after deducting what has been done by individual subscription. In a pecuniary point of view therefore, the condition of the society is highly favorable.

The whole sum expended on the house, including the purchase of the old pews, and a clock; and the difference paid between the old bell, and a new and heavier one of superior tone, is from $3500 to $4000.

On Sunday 10th ult. the new place of worship was opened. The house was filled with an attentive auditory. A full choir assisted by a number of musicians performed their part of the exercises to great acceptance.

The following original Hymn composed by Mr O. W. Albee, a member of the society, was sung with great spirit and effect in the tune of Old Hundred.

HYMN.

Thou great I AM, who dwell'st on high,
Who pois'd in air the solid earth;
And set with stars the vaulted sky;
And spake the word, and light had birth;

Who to the promise set thy seal,
'In Abram's seed the world is blest,'
Who gav'st thy son e'en death to feel,
To point lost man to realms of rest;

Whom, veiled in superstition's night,
Proud Athens felt, the great *Unknown*;
We bow by inspiration's light
To *Thee*, our Father God, alone.

To Thee, we dedicate this shrine,
Here may the soul oppressed by wo,
Plume its tired wings with truth divine,
And soar thy will alone to know.

Here may the songs of praise arise,
Incense of hearts that vice forsake,
To Thee, great Lord of earth and skies,
Whose presence doth a heaven make.

O God, in these, thy courts of praise,
May malice, pride and envy, cease,
And contrite hearts be taught to raise
The Gospel-strains of love and peace.

A sermon was preached by the pastor, text, John iv. 24th. 'God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.' Worship was the topic of the discourse.

Worship in general was first spoken of, and afterwards Christian worship; its nature, design and benefits. Allusion was made to the success, under a kind providence, which had crowned the society's efforts the season past;—an anthem was then sung, and the services closed.

May the accommodations for the public worship of God, now in possession of this society, be duly appreciated by every member of the same. As often as the Sabbath returns, may the seats in this house be occupied by the sincere and devout, paying their vows to the Most High. In this Temple of praise, may many souls be born to God; and, thus be prepared for death; and, for dwelling in some loftier sphere, waiting the coming of loved ones to join them, in the pure and holy mansions of Light and Love! W. M.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 7. 1839.

'E. N. P.'

We thank our unknown and valued correspondent, 'E. N. P.' for his favors. He writes with much fervor and force. He seizes upon the conscience—enters and moves the soul. With a spirit imbued with pious emotions he touches the religious sensibilities of his readers. Our paper needs the assistance of such a writer. We earnestly invite him to think of us more frequently. He undoubtedly is desirous of doing good. He appears to have the kind of talent, fitted to do much good in this way. He sent us a piece, sometime since, questioning the correctness of certain views, we had expressed, in articles on the Mechanic's fair, and the use of steam as a means of communication. We have not published it, because we think he did not properly understand us. We do not suppose, more than he, that art and sciences, in any of their applications, can be the immediate agents in the dissemination of Christian truth, or instruments in effecting the salvation of souls. We are as confident as he, that nothing but this truth, brought into direct contact with these souls, can save them. Christianity is the *only* power of God unto salvation. It is the only hope of humanity—the only energy that can secure its true welfare, dignity and glory. We are persuaded that knowledge, literature, natural philosophy, commerce, intellectual culture, can without Christianity, do little, if any thing, for man. Spiritual truth alone, can sanctify and bless. But cannot science and art bring communities into that state in which Christianity can act more freely and efficiently on the individual members? Can they not be as school masters, to lead men to Christ? Poverty and want are not favorable to the growth of piety—nor are dullness and ignorance the mother of devotion.

Rail roads *awaken* the regions through which they pass. And do they not multiply and diffuse the comforts, conveniences and refinements of life? They also send forth fresh and vigorous impulses. They excite more lively and generous, social sympathies. They arouse thought and mental activity. And thus we believe, fit people to gain more clear and vivid conceptions of moral truth, more firmly to grasp it, more justly to feel its force. We have an opinion, that men must have some intellectual life, before the fountains of moral life can be opened within them.

Mental activity is needed to break, subdue, soften and quicken our nature, before the seeds of spiritual beauty and glory can take root in it. The fulness of time consisted in the more general diffusion of mental life and energy. Whatever therefore, tends, or helps to make people more intellectual, prepares them for a more effectual reception of religious truth. Rail-roads, therefore, may do much for Christianity. God makes the wrath of man to praise him. And will he not cause his skill, genius, inventions, science and ambition to promote his glory? We rejoice that the spirit of rail-road building, has entered the soul. They will facilitate the diffusion of free and powerful thought. They will in various ways, develope a vast amount of mental life and energy—and every additional atom is so much new force, arrayed in opposition to wrong and oppression. They will do more to break up the slave system, than a thousand abolition societies. We do not believe it possible to sustain slavery in a country, that is chequered over with these roads, in constant, active operation. Besides, cannot steam facilitate the travels and enterprises of the missionary? Ought we not then, to be glad that means are discovered for rapidly and cheaply transporting, from the bosom of the church and civilization, hundreds of these devoted men? And they can now go, cheered and sustained by the hope of again seeing their kindred, homes and native land. And is it not some thing to bring the heathen world into immediate contact with the christian? It is true the impulses of London, are not so pure and noble as we could wish. But what people in Asia, cannot be benefited and elevated by them? Will not these influences at least, assist to arouse them from their dead slumbers, to break away from the prejudices and superstitions of ages, to quicken into life their dormant faculties, and thus prepare the way for the ministers of Christ? A dead sea is favorable to the growth of no plant, stagnant waters can impart life only to the meanest reptiles. The subject is worthy a full discussion. But we must stop. We only wish to show our friend that we said nothing without some reflection. We may be mistaken—but we feel very confident the positions there taken, can be sustained with little difficulty.

WESTERN LIBERALITY.

We have been accustomed to think that generosity, in all relations, was characteristic of our western brethren. It appears however there are sad exceptions. The following communication betrays a degree of bigotry and arrogance it would be difficult to parallel. The magnificence of nature there displayed, to say nothing of the grace of God and the teachings of Jesus, cries shame on such narrowness. We rejoice that truth and liberality have advocates there whose characters are above reproach, whose intelligence *must* be respected and whose talents *will* be felt. Never were we so deeply impressed with the importance of sending missionaries of pure Christianity into that region. Let her become intimately associated, in the minds of the people, with such men as the president of Hanover College, and her fate is certain. They will not submit their free minds to such contemptible despotism. They will break and spurn such fetters and bondage. The tender and generous religion of Jesus will become identified with whatever is most base and arbitrary. They will with a mad joy give themselves up to the unrestrained impulses of nature. We must awake to our duty. We have a great, a glorious work to perform. We must rescue Christianity from so fatal associations. We must, through that vast region, proclaim her truths in all their simplicity, beauty and magnanimity. We must save a rising empire from infidelity. We alone can save it. And we must be about it. Bigots and fanatics are doing *their* work. Let us be about that which patriotism, the love of Christ, and providence, in a thousand thrilling voices call on us to perform. Let us work while it is yet day before the night, which is gathering and brooding, settles down on those fast growing multitudes of men. We assure our friends there they have all our sympathy. We know they will quit themselves like men and Christians. And though some pitiable persons may frown and denounce, the grace of God will ever be sufficient for them.

(To the Editors of the Louisville Journal.)

Hanover, Ia., Oct. 29th, 1839.

Gentlemen,—On my return home, after an absence of some weeks, my attention has been directed to an editorial article in your paper of the 9th October, purporting to give an account of a recent occurrence at Hanover College, in reference to the Rev. Mr Clarke of Louisville, and animadverting on my conduct in that affair. A true statement of the facts in the case will present the matter in a light somewhat different from that in which it is placed by the representation of the Journal. The facts are these:

1st. The appointment of Mr Clarke to address the students was made by under graduates, without the consent or knowledge of any member of the faculty.

2d. The appointment was made *at the instance of an individual who is a friend of Mr Clarke, and a member of his church in Louisville*; and was not spontaneous on the part of the students.

3d. It was made in a hurried and precipitate manner, on the Saturday preceding the day of the commencement (Wednesday.) On learning the appointment and the circumstances under which it was made, I expressed my objections to it; the students were inclined to withhold their letter of notice to Mr Clarke; and it was finally forwarded through the agency of a few individuals, and at a period so late, that it could not have reached Louisville before midnight of Monday, the day preceding that on which the address was to be delivered.—Yet Mr Clarke arrived in Hanover on Tuesday, with the intention, as the Journal informs us, of addressing the students.

'Misere cupis, inquit, abire;
'Iamdudum video: sed nil agis; usque tenebo.'

The whole story is worth reading.—*Hor. Sat.* ix, *Book* 1.

The objection made to Mr C. was not on account of any of those matters of difference which divide *Christians* of different denominations. The uniform practice at Hanover Col-

lege has been to invite gentlemen to deliver addresses, without any reference to denominational distinctions. The question was not on excluding a man who was not a professor of religion at all, for two other gentlemen delivered addresses on the evening before the commencement, neither of whom is a professor of religion. The question, in this instance, was not even on excluding a man who, *as a private individual*, entertained Socinian opinions: for Prof. Butler, who was known to be a member of Mr Clarke's (Socinian) church, had been appointed to deliver an address, and no objection was made to him. But Mr C. was precluded from addressing the students on *the ground that he is* a public propagator *of infidelity*. This is not the time nor the place, to discuss the question, whether Socinianism be infidelity. *The whole Christian community, of all denominations, universally* declare it to be, and treat it as such. Concurring with Christians of all denominations in this view, I deemed it incompatible with the character of a College which is avowedly—*not sectarian*—but *Christian*, and with my duty, to consent to set up as a public teacher of the young men of this College a man, *the avocation of whose life* is that of a public propagator of infidelity.

5th. Misstatements on minor points in the representations of the Journal, may, though it is perhaps hardly worth while, be noticed. The part of the tale about my 'fury,' and my 'refusing Mr C. liberty to speak on a stump,' &c. is on the face of it so silly and absurd, that it carries with it its own refutation. The attack on the aged and venerable Dr Blythe is wholly gratuitous, as he was in no way responsible for the course taken, and was not even seen by me for nearly two full days after that course was decided on. The alleged *magnanimity* of Mr Clarke and his friend Prof. Butler, after the foregoing statement of the facts in the case, and after the publications in the Journal, and its compeer, the Louisville Bulletin, calls for no remark. The truth is, the students, perceiving that they had assumed a strong position in reference to the government of the College, with their characteristic good sense, and under the promptings of a spirit of true independence, gave up the point.

Allow me to make a few inquiries in respect to the ground assumed by the Journal in its animadversions.

1st. Does the Journal concede, that the president of a college, from the nature of the case, and by universal usage, always possesses a supervisory power over whatever pertains to the education of the students of the institution under his charge, and, among other things, over the doing of the literary societies of the college, composed of under-graduates, and designed as a part of the system of means for promoting certain branches of their education? Or does the Journal teach that the students of a college may, in defiance of its government, establish whatever societies, and for whatever purposes they please,—for example to propagate infidelity,—and may set up as a public teacher whomsoever they will, and the president has no power to interpose or control such proceedings? Does the Journal take this ground? If not, did I, in controlling the appointment in question, do any thing but what it was my duty, in the exercise of my best discretion, to do? And if not, what becomes of the Journal's charge against me of an 'attempt to play the dictator,' &c?

2d. Does the Journal deny to those charged with the education of young men, the right to decline bringing a public teacher of infidelity to address, even on literary subjects, those intrusted to their instruction? Does it advocate the bringing of the propagators of infidelity,—for example of the infidelity of Thomas Paine, or Robert Dale Owen, to deliver public addresses at our seminaries of education? Does the Journal give battle on this ground to the Christian sentiment of this community? Or does the Journal intend in its remarks, to charge all Trinitarians, in treating Socinianism as infidelity and refusing to commit the education of their sons to those who teach Socinianism, with 'bigotry,' and a design 'to unite church and State?' Does the Journal take this ground, in assuming which it of necessity attacks the whole Christian community? It is in vain that the Journal disavows this, and seek to strike at me personally. *I stand upon the common ground of the whole Christian community.*

3d. Is the political press in the performance of its proper functions, when it attacks the right of Christians to decline intrusting the education of their sons to those who teach what they believe to be infidelity?—attacks the common, indefeasible right accorded to all men, of choosing whom they will to serve them?—when it assails with obloquy a man, who only exercises in discharge of his trust, this common right, in declining to set up as a public teacher of those confided to his charge, one whom he believes to teach principles destructive of their best interests, and the best interests of society?—or when it seeks to excite the young men of a college to rebellion, on such grounds as these? These questions are put to the Journal. Will it, not blink, but meet and answer them?

I wish that this communication go to the public, through the same channel in which the attack has been made on me and the college.

E. D. McMASTER.

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(To the Editors of the Louisville Journal.)

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 19th.

Gentlemen:—I have read a letter of President McMaster in your paper of yesterday. His remarks with respect to myself require a few words. He defends his conduct in refusing to permit me to address the students on two principal grounds. First, by insinuating that I invited myself, and was not invited by them to address them. Second, by assuming dogmatically that Unitarianism is Socinianism, that Socinianism is Infidelity, and that my object in going to Hanover was not to deliver a literary address, but to preach to the students under his care this Unitarian-Socinian system of Infidelity. As regards the first charge or insinuation, namely, that I invited myself to be the orator at Hanover, I might safely leave it, I think, to those who know me, to say whether such a proceeding would be in character, or whether in making this charge the President has not aimed a blow in the dark, or drawn his bow at a venture. Before quoting against me the description of the Horatian bore, who could not be got rid of, it would perhaps have been more kind and Christian to have tried the experiment. Before I arrived in Hanover I had no reason to suspect that my presence would be unwelcome. Some days before, Prof. Butler informed me that he was going up to deliver an address, and requested me to accompany him, which I consented to do.

Some days after this, and about a week before the commencement, Mr Butler informed me that as Dr Bell had declined lecturing I should probably be invited to deliver an address in his place. I told him I should enjoy the trip to Hanover, and was always ready to do my best to promote the interests of education, but should prefer not to be asked to speak, and hoped I would not. On the morning, however, of our departure, a letter arrived informing me that at a meeting of the joint committees of the three Literary Societies of Hanover College, I was *unanimously* elected their orator at their approaching anniversary. They apologized for the shortness of the notice by Dr Bell's having declined. There was nothing in this letter to convey the idea that it was the work of a '*few individuals.*' It was signed by three gentlemen, P. Hamilton, Z. B. Sturgus and Thomas S. Crowe, who professed to speak in the name of the three societies. I went up, with the expectation of delivering the address, because I supposed they depended entirely on me so to do. When I reached Hanover I learned that the President had objected to my speaking, that the students felt mortified about it, and were endeavoring to procure permission from the Faculty. I immediately assured all whom I saw that I was not at all disappointed, but quite relieved by being excused from speaking, and earnestly requested that no further attempt should be made, as I certainly should not make an address in opposition to the wishes of the President. I lay no claim to '*magnanimity*' in this—I merely acted as any gentlemen and man of honorable feelings would have acted. But I do say that there was nothing in my conduct throughout to merit the accusation of thrusting myself where I was not wanted. I also say that the gentlemanly and Christian course for the President would have been to have called on me, and candidly stated his objections to my addressing his students. If *then* I had persisted, he might fairly have quoted against me, not two lines, but the whole IXth satire of Horace. This course would have been the right way to save me from pain, and the students from mortification. For was it not mortifying for them to be obliged to tell the person who had come to the place at their invitation, that they had no wish to hear him? And would it not have been painful to most persons, of moderate sensibility, to experience such treatment?

The first part of the President's defence seems to be, that because I was invited by the students and not by him, and because this invitation was suggested to them by a friend and parishioner of my own, and because I came as soon as I was asked, and intended to speak till I was told that I must not—that therefore I was like the man in Horace who thrust himself where he knew he was not wanted, and would not be shaken off; and that therefore he had a perfect right to prevent my speaking. On this defence I have no more to say, but pass to the second part. This is, in substance, that Hanover College is by no means sectarian, giving full liberty to all *Christians* to speak to the students, but that Unitarians are not *Christians*, as all agree. Moreover, such is the liberality of Hanover, that a man of *no* faith and *no* religion may be permitted to speak there, and even (by a stretch of charity) a lay member of a Unitarian church. But a *preacher* of this faith is black, and must be avoided by all Romans.

'Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.' (For I too have been in Arcadia, and can quote Horace.) In other words, if a man has no religion we can tolerate him. If he belong to a hostile sect, but is not a preacher, we can bear with him. But let him be so deeply convinced of the truth and value of his faith as to devote his life to it—then cut him off. A minister of Louis XIV once asked that monarch to appoint a certain man to a particular office. 'Why,' replied the King, a zealous Jesuit, 'I hear he is a Jansenist.' 'So far from it, your Majesty, that he does not even believe in the existence of a God.' 'Oh, let him have the place then,' replied the King.

The stale trick of calling Unitarians Socinians, deserves no notice. The ignorant and worn out charge of Infidelity is only worthy of comment as coming from the head of a literary Seminary, and because he claims for it the sanction of the whole religious community. If to believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, be infidelity; if to accept him as the Master, Teacher, Savior, as God's word made flesh, as the brightness of his glory, in whom dwelt all his fulness, be infidelity, then we are infidels. If to believe, *toto animo*, the whole of the Apostles' creed, be infidelity, then are we Infidels. But then also are some of the brightest names of ancient and modern times, from Wm. Penn the Quaker to John Milton the Poet, sent over with us to the ranks of Infidelity. The assertion that the whole Christian community agrees with him in bringing this charge against us, is untrue. A few ignorant zealots, in all denominations, may have borne this false witness against their neighbor. But the great mass of devout and pious Christians in all churches have been ready to acknowledge that, though they differed with us in opinion, they must admit that the spirit of the Savior was in the midst of us. This attempt of President M. to shelter himself behind the sentiments of the Christian community will not succeed. It will naturally be asked, 'what is the great gulf of difference between this heresy and others, that makes it proper and right for a Baptist of Mr Campbell's way of thinking, (Dr Bell,) and a Swedenborgian preacher, (A. Kinmont,) to deliver an address on literary subjects to these literary societies, but fatally dangerous for a Unitarian?'

But supposing that I *was* an Infidel, would that prevent me from delivering a good literary address? Throughout his letter, President M. secretly assumes that I was going to Hanover to preach Unitarianism. What right had he to suppose this? Do those usually selected to address these societies favor them with a sectarian harangue on controversial theology? He is obliged to take this for granted in my case, in order to make out his argument. He assumes the attitude of one protecting the youth confided to his care from the pestilential breath of the Unitarian heresy. He asks whether parents may not be permitted to select those to whom to commit the education of their sons? If he had inquired, he would have learned that what I proposed to say was, in substance very much the same as his own Baccalaureate address, though of course, being hastily prepared, it must have been much inferior in force and elegance. The subject of my address was 'Study,' and I should have endeavored to urge the importance of thorough and profound scholarship.

In the article to which the President replies, which appeared some time since in the Journal, there were several things which I wish had not been said. They were as offensive to me as to Mr McMaster. I had no fault to find with Dr Blythe, and I heard nothing of the 'school house' or the 'stump' proposition, or the 'fury' of the President, till I saw them in print. It pained me to see them, for I do not believe in overcoming evil by evil. Temperate and calm statements of truth are the proper antidotes, in my judgment, for error of opinion and practice. As the editors of a newspaper, however, I consider you perfectly justified in noticing so remarkable a novelty as that of the President of a College refusing to allow his students to select the orator to address a literary society and his compelling them to refuse to listen to a literary address which a gentleman at their request had come from a distance to deliver, because this gentleman differed from their President in opinion in some matters of theology. Happily this is as yet a new thing among us, and as such may very properly, I should suppose, be noticed by the editors even of a political paper. But you are of age, and able to speak for yourselves.

Yours very truly,

JAMES F. CLARKE.

As it is desirable that the President of every literary Institution should understand the state of opinion and feeling among the students, and as Mr M. appears to suppose that the young men at Hanover were sorry for what they had done and felt themselves in the wrong, I should be glad to forward him when he wishes, a copy of a letter which I have received from the three societies, subsequently to my visit, which will place the matter in quite another light.

J. F. C.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. Frederick T. Gray, was installed as Associate Pastor of the Bulfinch Street Church and Society on Tuesday evening, November 26.

The following was the Order of Services: 1. Anthem; 2. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. C. A. Bartol; 3. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. L. Maynard; 4. Original Hymn, by Rev. J. T. Sargent; 5. Sermon, by Rev. S. K. Lothrop; 6. Prayer of Installation, by Rev. P. Dean; 7. Charge, by Rev. W. Morse; 8. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. J. T. Sargent; 9. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Thomas Gray, D. D.; 10. Anthem; 11. Benediction.

The services were very satisfactory and impressive. The sermon was from the Gospel of John xiii. 35. It was a beautiful production and as full of truth as beauty. The preacher's object was to enforce and illustrate the great truth that love is the chief element of christianity and the christian character. It is the one thing needful—the *essential* acquisition. Plenteously endued with it, the soul is safe, saved—without it is lost, reprobate, damned. What does man want to make him useful, good, happy in himself, the source of happiness to others? Love. What is necessary to subdue his passions, expel demons from his bosom, to make him strong and triumphant in all duty, trial and suffering, to chaster, enrich, exalt his nature? Love. What does he need in the strange, sad vicissitudes to which he is exposed, in weakness, despondency, disappointment, sickness, decay? Love. What do his homes need to make and keep them pure, peaceful, joyous—perennial fountains of fresh, sparkling, living waters? Love.

In every view therefore of man's state, wants, relations, destinies, love is the one thing needful. This truth is constantly taught in the New Testament. At the final judgment, who are those at the right hand of the judge, accepted, blessed? Are they correct theologians, zealots, staunch defenders of disputed dogmas? Is any thing said about the number of points in their creed, the church to which they belonged, the mode of their baptism, peculiar experiences? Not a word. Do we hear any thing concerning total depravity, election, trinity, eternal punishment, Bishops, Popes? Nothing. Not a black thread of calvinism can we detect in their robes. Not a frown against *errorists* and heretics, we are certain, could ever have rested on their serene brows. Their lips glowing with tender and beautiful emotions, could never have dealt out denunciation. Their divine tranquillity could have never been disturbed and destroyed by the raging of fierce bigotry. The expansive liberality stamped upon their every feature, could never have been driven hence by narrowness and exclusiveness. The humility that invests them as with a mantle tells nothing of spiritual pride and pretension. What has gained them accession to the place where they stand? Love—all doing, all enduring, all victorious, all inheriting love. Their lives were a continued expression of love. Love too was the basis, the beauty, the pathos, the might, the greatness of Christ's character. His meekness, forbearance, sufferings, prayers, tears, blood are but feeble evidence of the infinite love that filled his heart. It is only in proportion as his love is perceived and felt that he becomes the Savior of men. Love alone can regenerate and redeem the world. Jesus is or rather will be its redeemer because the love of God was manifested through him. It is only in proportion as we love that we can know him. How worthless discussions as to his rank! One disinterested deed, one tender, benevolent emotion, will enlighten more in regard to his character, than all the learned treatises ever written by men of cold hearts and acute minds. His spirit is an ocean of love, panting to pour its healing streams through all conditions of men. But they meet with a thousand cold obstructions—prejudice, pride, passion, bigotries, dogmas—a vast amount of wood, hay and stubble, compacted and made strong by gold, silver and precious stones. How long before they will be swept away and consumed we know not. But this we do know, that it is our calling and duty to do what we can to hasten that blessed time. And is not the universe, the child and minister, the expression and temple of love? It flows from its suns, glows in its stars, falls from its clouds, rolls in its seas, walks in beauty through its valleys, spreads in fertility over its plains, and at least one ray has fallen on its meanest creature. It is only through love, that we can know it, feel it, enjoy it, mingle with it. And God, the source of all things, tendencies, influences, laws, agencies, being, is love. Can we not then boldly say that love is the one thing needful. Our nature and wants, society—the Savior—his character, heaven and hell, the universe and its maker, intimate, teach, proclaim, confirm the great, everlasting truth.

We have made no attempt to do justice to Mr Lothrop's discourse. We have no talent at reporting. We have stated his views in our own way. We hope he will permit us to lay at least portions of it before our readers. They would thank him for the pleasure and benefit thus conferred upon them. The installation was an occasion of much interest. The circumstances that led to it, were somewhat peculiar. But we know no good reason why they should remain singular. Among the Restorationists there are many serious and excellent preachers. We have much regard for them and sympathy with them. We *ought* to be on easy and familiar terms—to cherish mutual respect and confidence. This society, we trust, will find no cause to regret the step it has taken—but ever to rejoice in the affectionate and devoted services of another pastor. May the union be lasting, peaceful and full of good fruits. And our prayer to God is, that the much respected senior pastor may find his new position more pleasant and efficient, and that he may look back on the transaction with constantly increasing satisfaction.

THE LECTURESS, OR WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The object of this little work 'is to hold up as a warning to every woman the folly, the wickedness of a stubborn, unyielding disposition.' It is accomplished with much effect and success. The author shows that a wife and mother while engaging in distant, philanthropic enterprises, is quite liable to fill her own home with wretchedness—while pursuing the magnificent idea of elevating her sex, she may possibly degrade herself, and while laboring to break the chains of the slave—she may be binding her own soul in the chains of vanity and the love of notoriety. We think it is calculated to do much good, and will be read with interest. It teaches important truth in a manner to leave lasting impressions.

Discourses and Discussions in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism. By Orville Dewey, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Boston, published by Joseph Dowe.

We have as yet, but just looked into them. The reputation of the author will give them circulation. And we anticipate great and good effects from them—that they will impart a new and higher impulse to religious thought and interest among us.

THE QUARTERLY CHARITY LECTURE.

We never attended one of these lectures before last Sunday evening. And certainly we were surprised to find so small an audience. And after listening to the discourse by Mr Young, much did we regret that 'a congregation was not present to hear and be benefited by it. It was very excellent and evidently received by 'the little flock' with great satisfaction. The fact we have stated does not in the least impeach the benevolence of the good people of the city. It abounds as much as ever—but has found other modes of distribution. This lecture is superseded by other associations.

Rev. A. D. Wheeler, recently of Standish, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Unitarian Society in Topsham, Me., and has already commenced his labors with that people. His Installation will be deferred for a few months.

Communications addressed to Mr Wheeler, should be directed to Topsham, Me.

The Installation of Rev. Mr Merrick—and the Dedication of the new Unitarian Church in Walpole, will take place next Wednesday. Sermon by Rev. Mr Ripley of this city.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer of the A. U. A. acknowledges the receipt of Thirty Dollars from the ladies of the Rev. Dr Thayer's society in Lancaster, to constitute their pastor a life member.

INTELLIGENCE.

Reduction of Postage.—We readily comply with a request to give circulation to the following communication. The example which has been set by the British Government, of reducing the postage of letters to a very low rate, and thereby increasing the utility of the Post Office Department, is well deserving of imitation in this country. The rates of postage, especially on the most frequented routes, where the number of letters is great, and the produce immense, are most unreasonably high. There is little doubt that the rates might be much reduced, without causing any reduction in the amount of income If such be the fact, it calls most emphatically on Congress to make the reduction, and to extend the accommodation. If even there were doubts on this point, there is no good reason why the productive routes should be so heavily taxed, for the maintenance of so frequent a conveyance of the mails on routes which are unproductive.—*Advertiser.*

To the People of the United States;—The British Government has set an example to this country, well worth of imitation. It is a reduction of Postage. In a country where every farthing that can possibly be raised by taxation, direct and indirect, is wanted to carry on the Government, the Parliament has reduced the Postage all over the kingdom, to one penny on every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight.—The Government has yielded to the wishes and petitions of the whole people, but not till it was reasonably proved that the revenue would be as great with a low as with a high rate of Postage. The wants of our people for a cheap communication through the mails are as great as those of the people of England. Our condition, however, is different, owing to the great extent of our territory. But if the English Postage can safely be reduced to one penny, is it not probable that ours can be reduced to two cents, five cents, and ten cents, according to the distance which the mail has to be carried. The advantages of such reduction are apparent to every man, woman, and child, who has intercourse of business or friendship out of their own immediate neighborhood. There is but one way to get it done and that is to send in Petitions from all quarters of the country. We, therefore, recommend the following form of Petition;

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled; Your Petitioners believe that it would be a great benefit to the People of the United States, social, moral, political and pecuniary, to reduce the Postage on Letters. They therefore pray that it may be reduced so that the greater postage on any single letter shall not exceed ten cents.

All Editors of newspapers and periodicals, favorable to a reduction of Postage in the U. S. are requested to insert the above Address and Petition.

The Legislature of Jamaica have voted 50,000*l* for the purpose of promoting the establishing of mulberry plantations and the culture of silk in that island.

A premium of 36,000 francs has been proposed by the French Government for the discovery of means to prevent forgery of stamps, water-marks in paper, and engine-turned engraving, and also for an indelible ink, so that characters once written with it on any writing material cannot be obliterated.

Education in Russia.—By a report of the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, just published, it appears that during the last five years there have been established in that empire—1 university, 9 gymnasia, 49 district schools (some for nobility and others for citizens), 289 parochial and 112 private schools, besides 26 boarding-houses for noblemen's sons in connexion with grammar schools.

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

The Earl of Winchelsea, an old and tried friend of the established Church, and one of the most powerful supporters of religion, in presenting a petition to the House of Lords signed by 3000 persons of high respectability, praying for the repeal of the statute of the 10th Geo. IV., commonly called the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, declared that the feeling was extensively gaining ground in England for the repeal of that Act, which had disappointed the expectations of every individual (if they would tell the truth) among Protestants who had advocated it in 1829. It had failed, totally failed, in giving peace to Ireland. The Earl said, 'the people were rapidly approaching to a conviction that England must retrace her steps in this matter. He would only add, that though he was not at present prepared to make any motion on the subject of the petition, still he would say, that if this went on as it had done, he should certainly bring the matter under their Lordships' notice by a substantive proceeding at a future day.' The Earl of Wicklow and Lord Brougham both declared that for their parts they entertained the same opinion of the happy effects of the Emancipation Act, and would again vote as they did in 1829, if required. Earl Roden differed from those two noble Lords. He should never forget the words of that great man who had so long and so honorably filled the woolsack—(meaning we presume, Lord Chancellor Eldon)—that 'the sun of England would set on the day when the Roman Catholic Relief Bill passed.' He (Lord Rodon) looked upon the condition of England as far inferior to what it was before that measure became law. The Protestants of this country, he was happy to see, were now awakening from their late apathy, and he hoped that the people of England, and above all, the people of Scotland, who loved the religion of Protestantism, and had defended their Bibles with their swords, would not be deterred from expressing their sentiments on the important subject that now engaged their Lordships. The petition was ordered to lie on the table.—*Barbadian.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city 28th ult. by Rev. Mr. Barrett Mr. Eben Snow Jr. to Miss Elizabeth O. Pray.

On Wednesday morning, at King's Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Greenwood, Mr. Andrew L. Cunningham, of New York, to Miss Sarah Jane Doane, daughter of Samuel B. Doane, Esq., of Boston.

On Tuesday morning, at King's Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Greenwood, Mr. John D. Parker to Miss Ellen L. Hale.

In this city at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. Dr. Stone, Daniel K. Chace Esq., to Miss Mary Louisa Cobb, eldest daughter of the late Richard Cobb Esq.

In Salem by the Rev. Mr. Upham, Mr. Levi Leach to Miss Betsey G. Ricker. Mr. Perkins, Swain to Miss Vesta C. Gilford.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. George O. Collins, of Darien, Geo. to Miss Martha A. Newhall, of Lynn, and daughter of Isaac Newhall, Esq. formerly of this city.

At Dorchester, on Wednesday evening Nov 27th, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr Benjamin Jenkins of Bradford, to Miss Elizabeth Bradlee, of D.

At Groton, by Rev. Mr Phelps, Mr Geo. W. Bancroft to Miss Evaline Robbins, both of G.

In Kennebunk Port, Me. Mr William Tarbox, to Miss Susan F. Varney.

At Greenfield, Nov 13, Rev. Bancroft Fowler, of Greenfield. N. H. to Miss Lydia H. daughter of the late Jerome Ripley Esq.

At New York, 28th ult by Rev. Henry Bellows Mr Luther Chapin to Miss Mary Winthrop, daughter of Hiram Tupper Esq, formerly of Boston.

At Mechanicville N. Y. on the 11th ult by the Rev. Mr Whipple, David Buffum of New York to to Maria, daughter of David Fairbanks Esq.

In Onondaga Hollow, N. Y. on Tuesday evening, 19th ult by Rev. Mr Storer, Mr Stanford C. Cotton, to Miss Jane Ellen Terry.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 29, Mrs Abigail, wife of Mr. Samuel Fales, 66.

On Sunday, Mrs Mary, relict of Timothy Green, Esq. 76.

In this city, on Thursday morning, Miss Susan Freeman, aged 28, daughter of the late Mr James Freeman.

In Quincy, Georgiana Frances, daughter of the late John and of Catharine Adams, 9 years, 2 ms and 10 days.

In Salem, Mr George Francis Peabody, son of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, aged 35.

In Charlestown, 26th inst. Deacon Amos Tufts, aged 77.

In Amherst, Mass. 19th inst. Rev. Josiah Bent, aged 42, Pastor of the West Church, a native of Milton.

BOSTON CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—*NEW BOOKS.* — Nicholas Nickleby, complete, by Boz. Jack Sheppard, by W. H. Ainsworth. Alfred De Rosann, or Adventures of a French Gentleman; Nix's Mate, by Dawes; Father Butler; Nan Darrell, or the Gipsey Mother; Dumas's Memoirs of his own time; Chevalier's Letters on North America; Breckenridge's Foreign Travels; Shakspeare and his Friends; A New Home; Adventures of an Attorney—and all other new and popular publications at this Library.
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N. B. At the above store may be found a great variety of Juvenile and other Books, particularly adapted to the approaching Holidays. d7

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The leading object of Dr. Alcott, in his series of books involving so many of the relative duties, has been, to use the words of a learned divine, to make mankind better than they were before. The Young Man's Guide was first of the series. The present work was next in order, and was partially announced; but was, for various reasons, at length deferred, to give place to other of the series more immediately connected with the duties and the happiness of the household.
The great aim of the Young Woman's Guide, is to present such directions to young women, as will greatly assist them in their efforts at improvement—physical, intellectual, social and moral;—in other words, to fit women for the discharge of her varied and responsible duties in the exercise of her peculiar prerogative, that of being a co-worker with the Deity himself in his efforts to raise the human soul from earth to heaven. Of course, its morality, like that of the volumes which have immediately preceded it, is that of the Bible.
Synopsis of the Contents.—Female Responsibilities; Self-Education; Love of Improvement; Self Knowledge; Conscientiousness; Self-Government; Cheerfulness; Discretion; Modesty; Diffidence; Courage; Vigilance; The Affections; The Temper; The Appetites and Passions; Self-Command; Decision of Character; Self-Dependence; Fashionable Education; Reasoning and Originality; Invention; Reform in Cooking; Observation and Reflection; The Right use of Time; Love of Domestic Concerns; Frugality and Economy; System; Punctuality; Exercise; Walking; Gardening; Riding; Rest and Sleep; Industry; Visiting; Duty and Pleasure Compatable; Morniag Calls and Evening Parties; Manners; Health and Beauty; Neatness and Cleanliness; Bathing, &c.; Dress and Ornament; Tight Lacing; Dosing; Confectionary; Taking Care of the Sick; Intellectual Improvement; Conversation; Taciturnity and Loquacity; Reading; Composition; Journalizing; Music; Lectures and Concerts; Studies; Social Improvement; Marriage—selection with reference to it; Moral Progress.
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nov. 7.

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Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'KEEP THY HEART, FOR OUT OF IT ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE.'

Keep thy heart young, as when in childhood's hours
It loved the 'gentle science' of the flowers,
And all within was pure and fair,
As when of old that happy pair
Walked with their God through Eden's blissful bowers.

Keep thy heart free, let no mere human form
Cramp its fine energies and feelings warm,
But let its aspirations rise
To Him alone who rules the skies,
Trusting alike in sunshine and in storm.

Keep thy heart true, oh, never let it swerve
From the straight path of right; but ever nerve
Its noble powers for combat strong
With every form of sin, nor wrong
Its native worth, the purpose bad to serve.

Keep thy heart ready for whate'er befalls
Life's changeful pilgrimage, and when death calls,
Whether he strike with sudden blow,
Or come with gradual steps and slow,
Put on that faith which nothing e'er appals.

Keep thy heart pure, the promise bright is given
To those who through temptations strong have striven,
And kept from spot that fearful trust,
That when the dust returns to dust,
The spirit free shall meet its God in Heaven.

Providence, Nov. 1839. P. W. S.

For the Register and Observer.

THE FLOWERS.

They glow in their beauty, the fair and the bright,
As if in them reposing were spirits of light;
Like a smile they look forth from the dark cold earth,
Where the lonely are sleeping, and the lovely have birth.

Why may it not be, that the mourned ones of ours
Revisit this sphere in the guise of the flowers?
To cheer with their beauty when hope has grown dim,
And in breathings of fragrance, to whisper of Him
Who raiseth the lowly, who guardeth the weak,
And who sheltereth all, if his shelter they seek.

If this be but a dream which my fancy hath wrought,
Why is it that sympathies holy are brought,
Deep feelings awakened, our being's harp stirred,
As if it the voice of a loved spirit heard—
If there dwells not a monitor silent and stern
In the depth of the flower-bell's cloud-tinted urn?

La Callada.

COLD WATER.

Oh! water for me—bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain;
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh! water, bright water, for me, for me—
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me,
And wine for the tremulous dedauchee!

Fill again to the brim—again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb,
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight—
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O Sleep, fall thy poppies on me?
For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
and my dreams are of heaven the livelong night.
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

PSALM CIV.

[By the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant.]

O worship the King
All glorious above,
O gratefully sing
His power and his love—
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail:
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail.

Thy mercies, how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend!

O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LOST SISTER.

The following interesting narrative was communicated to the Philadelphia North American.

After the battle and massacre, described in my last, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a straggler returned from the mountain of wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court-house at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Sclocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There was in it, the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man, and a boy by the name of Kinsley, were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and having a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Sclocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Sclocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for her aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. The image, probably, was carried by the mother to her grave.—About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grandfather; and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years to the grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies. What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of little Frances, I will not attempt to describe. Probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was so uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair-haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and in the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of these long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as the deepest forest through which they wandered, hung over her fate, and that sixty years.

My reader will now pass over 58 years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness, in the furtherest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian Wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich for Indians, have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin under her dress, is also white.—This led to a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl.

She could only remember that her name was Sclocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned the story to his mother. She urged him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote it, and sent it to Lancaster of this State, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me, unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office *two years* before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Sclocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape,) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister are now (1838,) on their way to seek little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than 300 miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam.—'I shall know my sister,' said the civilized sister, 'because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old.' They go into the cabin, and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin could indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c., with the order of her father's family. 'How came your nail gone?' said the oldest sister. 'My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!' In a word, they were satisfied that this was *Frances*, their long lost sister! They asked her what her Christian name was? She could not remember. Was it *Frances*? She smiled and said 'yes.' It was the first time she heard it pronounced for 60 years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied that they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine cords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Sclocum was giving me this history, I said to him—'But could she not speak English?' 'Not a word.' 'Did she know her age?' 'No—had no idea of it.' 'But was she entirely ignorant?' '*Sir she did'nt know when Sunday comes!*' This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded. Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent, and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to that cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delewares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, and she than married a Miami Indian, a chief as I believe. She has two daughters, both of whom are married, and who live in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head-dresses. No one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out and bridled her horse, and then, *a la Turk*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again to the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians,—they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawney sister—to carry her some presents; will go and petition Congress that if ever those Miamis are driven off, there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants! His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the poor helpless one, who 61 years ago, was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links.

I will only add that nothing has ever been heard of the boy Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living. This account, hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Sclocum, the brother, and the same who was two and a half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe that I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume.

[From the Athenæum and Visitor.]

PATRONAGE TO THE POOR.

In so large a family as that of Mr T—— there was a good deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed for the family sometime, and given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity.—Really, it was to save a few more pennies. How could this be? some one will ask. Let me sketch a little scene; promising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support.—Besides, she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr T—— had heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

'I think it would indeed,' says Mrs T——.

'Our sewing costs us a great deal,' responds the careful husband, 'and in this thing we may benefit ourselves, as well as do a deal of charity. No doubt this woman is rather an indifferent sewer, in comparison to Miss R——, and therefore her work will not of course be worth so much. And she will no doubt think one half the price Miss R—— gets a good one.'

'No doubt,' chimes in the frugal partner.

Mrs —— was sent for. After she is seated, the following conversation ensues:

'Can you do plain sewing?'

'Yes ma'am as well as most persons.'

'What is your price for fine shirts?'

'I have'nt set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one.'

'But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change.'

'Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children.'

'I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'And calico dresses for the same?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'Well that's reasonable.'

'Boys' common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?'

'No ma'am.'

'That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor.—Come down to-morrow, and I'll have some work ready for you.' The widow departed.

'Well wife,' says Mr T—— bustling in when he saw the woman depart, 'at what price will she work?'

'At just half what Miss R—— charges.'

'Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a rdasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round.'

'Yes, it will so: and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl wont you?'

'Yes, if you want it.'

'Well, I'll do my best. It's shameful what some of those seamstresses do charge.'

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose we look at the other side of this.

Mrs —— had always been delicate.

When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard working industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for a support. Her health, after her marriage was but little improved, and when with several small children she was left a widow, she yielded in her first keen anguish of bereavement to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle; and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs T—— sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview, she was glad at heart with the thought that now there was a way of escape at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents were her first pieces of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made plain, she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs T——had robbed her of that chance. 'You can stitch the collars of these, any how—you can afford it, I suppose, and they iron better when that is done.' The simple and touching—'Yes ma'am,' but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed, her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry stale bread.

It was near ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction, as to gain time.

'Mother, we are getting tired of mush and milk,' said one of the little ones. 'You don't have all the good things now, you used to. No pies, nor puddings, nor meat.'

'Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper.'

'You'll have supper soon, won't you mother?' said another little one coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn cakes.

'And shan't we have molasses on them,' said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

'No dear, not to-night, but to-morrow we'll have some.'

'Why not to-night, mother? I want some to-night.'

'Mother aint got any money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some,' said the mother soothingly.

'O we'll have 'lasses to-morrow for our cakes,' cried a little girl who could just speak, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner, Mrs —— worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs T——, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children, with the half dollar that she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs T—— expressed approbation of the work, and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr T—— and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done, and after lingering a few moments, Mrs —— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

'Oh dear! I never pay seamstresses until their bills amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you.'

Mrs —— retired, but with an heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. 'When shall I earn five dollars?—not for a whole month at this rate,' were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

'We shall have the molasses now, mother, shan't we?' said two or three glad little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them all about her, she explained to them, as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had done the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would; and that until she she was paid she could not get them any thing better than what they had.

The little things all stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noted the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces.—From this state of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady somewhat gaily dressed came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mrs T's and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had inquired for the maker. 'And now having found you,' said she, 'I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work.'

'I shall be glad to do it for you,' said she encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

'And what will you charge?'

Mrs —— hesitated a moment and then said, 'Mrs T—— gives me a quarter of a dollar.'

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

'Then I will give you three,' said she with warmth.

Mrs —— burst into tears, and she could not help it.

'Are you in need,' inquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride.

'I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money.'

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye—her breast heaved with strong emotion, then again all was still.

'I will pay you for this dress beforehand then; and I want it done very nice; I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to-morrow?'

'Certainly ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it.'

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was made glad that morning.

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